

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, No. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, July 3, 1802.

OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XIX. *Con.*

HE entered his lodgings almost in despair. His hopes had vanished in a moment. In his distress he tore his opera to pieces, and was committing it to the flames, when Gregory coming home early, anxious to learn the success, caught him in the act. Little explanation was necessary to afford him a very competent idea of what had happened.

'Well, well,' cried Gregory, comforting him, 'never mind—it can't be helped. I dare say it was nothing but envy made them find it bad.'

'Bad!' exclaimed Barclay, nettled at the supposition, although it only came from Gregory, and suspending the conflagration for a moment, he took the pains, of telling all that had taken place for the sake of vindicating his authorship, which, even in his affliction, he could not suffer to be aspersed.

By the time they had dined, Barclay became more resigned to his fate, and, after some consideration, determined, relying on the manager's promise, to write an opera according to his instructions. He was not, however, sufficiently recovered from the shock he had received, to set about it immediately: and to raise his spirits he set off, as usual, for the cellar, accompanied by Gregory. But, alas! this was one of his black letter days, and he never arrived there!

He had either been seen going to the theatre, or Gregory had been traced to his lodgings, and he was consequently way-laid

by his old pursuers, who seized him the instant he got into the street, one exclaiming—
"D—me, we've had a pretty dance after you, but we've got you at last!"

Gregory would have attempted a rescue, but Barclay peremptorily commanded him to desist, and he was shortly conveyed to the King's Bench.

Gregory followed him, full of sorrow and trouble, and, unknown to our hero, who did not understand the nature of these places, paid the keeper to put him in one of the best rooms he had to spare, and seeing him safely lodged in it, took his leave, not being able according to the rules of the prison, to stay any longer that night.

"Don't be down-hearted, Sir," said Gregory, half crying and half smiling, as he left him, "don't, pray don't,—I'll come to you as often as I can—you sha'n't want any thing—you sha'n't indeed!"

Distress has a wonderful effect on our nature: we then catch at every straw of friendship with the avidity of a sinking man. Barclay went with Gregory to the gate, and, pressing him cordially by the hand, they parted.

Extremes meet—extreme old age is childhood; extreme wisdom is ignorance; for so I may call it, since the man whom the oracle pronounced *the wisest of men**, professed that he *knew nothing*. But then it must be confessed that there is this distinction—the *wise man* believes that he knows nothing;—but the *ignorant man* does not believe any such thing. To proceed: push a coward to the extreme and he will shew courage: oppress a man to the last, and he will rise above oppression. Such were the feelings of our hero. He had been persecuted to the extremity of persecution, for his persecutors could go no further. "Where there is no hope, there is no fear. The arrow was shot, and he had nothing more to apprehend.

* Socrates.

The desperate state of his affairs excited his magnanimity, and rallying his deserting spirits, he resolved to meet his misfortune with a bold and undaunted front.

CHAP. XX.

The King's Bench viewed in a pleasing light.—The difference between that and other mansions—Academia.—Olympia.—A club of martyrs—Two children.—Mr. Quince's uncommon eccentricity as an author.—A novel written for the sake of a joke at the end.—Three authors and a spider.—Pulping.—An easy mode of travelling.—How Mr Grub became a member of a college.—Quacks.—The bookseller and his men.—French wines.—Bad port, but why not to be grumbled at.—A comparison.

IN the morning Barclay arose, and from his window took a survey of the place, and upon the whole, had no reason to complain of the change he had made. His room was better furnished, and more comfortable than the one he had left; then, being high, it commanded a fine view of the Surrey hills. The wall before him might, perhaps, to some squeamish and near-sighted people, be thought no desirable thing; and indeed its being so much loftier than the walls which other country gentlemen have round their grounds, gives it an appearance of being intended for the purpose of confinement, but upon closer examination, we perceive that it is more especially erected for the entertainment of those that reside there, who are constantly seen amusing themselves by playing at fives against it. Viewed in this light, it is certainly rather too low than too high, as the balls are often lost by flying over.

When Barclay descended, he was received by a host of friends, who gave him a most hearty welcome; which was one of the two differences he remarked between this and some other great houses. The second was, that here they ask you for money when you come in, and shew their obliga-

tion to you for it, by drinking your health; whereas at others, the servants take it from you as you go out, and never thank you for it at all.

After this, our hero strolled about at his ease, contemplating the different pursuits of the inhabitants. On the one hand, he could have fancied himself at *Academia*, as he beheld philosophers and their followers in loose gowns, walking to and fro, indulging in learned discourses on various subjects. On the other, he might have believed himself at *Olympia*, for now and then his ears were lulled by the voice of some poet reciting his verses, or author reading his productions; and games of various descriptions were practising in every direction.

Gregory attended Barclay punctually every day, and lent him all the assistance in his power. Pecuniary aid he soon had no need of, meeting with a circumstance that, not profusely, but sufficiently, supplied him with as much money as he wanted.

Barclay had not conversed with many of his inmates, before it was discovered that he was a gentleman and scholar, which were deemed a satisfactory qualification to admit him as one of the society of *literati* then confined in the bench, through imprudences arising from a *love of letters*. This club distinguished itself by the title of *THE MARTYRS TO GENIUS*.

It was composed of authors of every denomination, and amongst them, Barclay found a Mr. Quince, who taking a liking to our hero, they were almost constantly together. He was to Barclay, a kind of index to the characters that ranged about the place.

"There is yet an author," said he to Barclay, one day, "whom you have not seen. He undertakes every thing—*stories* for little boys, or *histories* for great men. Tho' by the bye, I don't know that there is such a great difference between the two as may at first appear. However, he attempts so many things, and has so much to do, that he rarely ever comes out. If you like, I'll send to say we'll visit him."

"With all my heart," replied Barclay; and a boy was consequently dispatched, to know whether he was at leisure. The lad presently returned, with Mr. Grub's best respects to Mr. Quince and his friend, and that he was very sorry he could not receive them at present having two children to get, but that he should have done in half an hour, and then he should esteem himself honoured by their company.

Barclay looked at Mr. Quince.

"You look at me for an interpretation of this," said the latter; "but I can give

you none. We shall hear it anon, however, from his own mouth. He is a singular author, and, except myself, more so than other I ever knew. Perhaps you are not aware of my singularity?"

"No," replied Barclay; "what is it, I pray?"

"I'll tell you, when I turned author, I was resolved to be a very eccentric character."

"I determined in the first place, to be good natured; and in the next, never to talk about my own works!"

"You are a *rara avis*; indeed," cried Barclay, smiling: "I did not think such a being existed."

The time being now elapsed, Mr. Quince led the way, and Barclay followed him to Mr. Grub's apartment, where they found him sitting surrounded by books and papers. He was a little, bow-legged man, with a snub-nose, which served him amazingly well to hang a pair of green spectacles on, which he wore to preserve his eye-sight, as he affirmed; but, as it afterwards appeared, to conceal as much as possible, that he had but one eye.

He received Barclay and Mr. Quince with a loud fit of laughter, crying—"well, what do you think of my powers.....?"

You must know, that I have been writing a little novel for children. I call it *Master Rowland and Miss Oliver*.....

"I call it so for the sake of a fine joke with which I conclude. I marry 'em, you see, and she of course takes his name, I say—mark me—he gives her a Rowland for her Oliver? Eh, do you take? If it had not been for this, I should never have written a line of the story."

"But the children!" cried Quince.

"Well, you shall hear. You won't laugh, eh? Well, I can't help it—no matter—but the joke's a good one. I sent in the MS. yesterday, and this morning the bookseller's apprentice came to tell me that his master liked my work very well, but that, as my heroine was in one place thrown into very great distress, it would make it more pathetic, if I gave her a couple of children. I sent the boy back, saying, I could not possibly do that, as the lady was a virgin. It seems that he had fixed his heart upon it, for the messenger brought me word back, that if I did not comply, I might keep the book for my own private reading. I instantly returned for answer, that rather than deprive the public of the good joke at the end, I would give Miss Oliver as many children as there is days in the year.

Barclay and Quince could not refrain from laughing at Mr. Grub's account.

"Ah, well," continued he, "I like to see you merry. I have been full of good things this morning. Bile, the library writer, was here about an hour ago, and I made him so mad you can't think. Weary, the epic poet, a simple, good natured soul, was sitting with me when he came. He had not been here many minutes, before Weary, observing a spider weaving a web, said, 'see, Mr. Bile, see how curious this animal works.'

"He reminds me of yourself, Mr. Bile," said I.

"Of me, Sir," cried Bile: "indeed I am not half so industrious."

"No, not for that," I replied, "but because this little thing, like yourself, toils to produce what is of no use."

Bile looked as yellow as saffron—Weary, however, took up his cause and said, I did him injustice. "And so does Mr. Bile wrong himself," continued he. Turning to him, he added "I'm sure you must be very industrious. In the multiplicity of your more important affairs, I really wonder how you found time to write your four volumes of 'Bloody Visions.'"

"If you had read them," said I, "your wonder would cease!"

"Bile was a good deal gall'd, but he never quotes me in his works, and I was resolved to have at him before he went. Talking of the dearness of printing and paper, I observed to Weary, that the new discovery of pulping paper, that is, to extract the ink from it, would be of great service, as that used in Mr. Bile's *History of Gravesend*, in folio, might now be reduced to its *original* value."

"Original!" he exclaimed, and snatching up his hat, stalked out of the room.

"Here Mr. Grub laughed heartily, and Barclay, out of politeness, accompanying him, he cried,

"Sir, I see traits of genius in you—you are a clever fellow, I'll be bound. Can you write? If you can write, I can get you employment directly."

Barclay feared a repetition of the newspaper gentleman, but, hoping the contrary, he replied; "you are very good Sir—I doubt my ability; though my education has been such, that——"

"A fig for your education," interrupted the other; "genius is every thing! If you are willing, that is enough. How do I get on? An't I one of the first authors going, and what education have I had? To be sure, added he, smiling, 'I am of Oxford.'"

"Of Oxford?" iterated Barclay. "I was of that university. Of what college are you?"

"Of Pembroke," replied Mr. Grub.

'I don't recollect you in my time,' said Barclay.

Quince laughed.

'No,' cried Grub, 'I wonder how the devil you should. I never was there but twice; and then by two rules, during the eight years I have been here. Come, as you are a going to be one of us, I'll tell you the fact. About three years ago, a bookseller came to me, and, talking about different works, he said, he thought, as I had been here five years, and nobody knew where I was, I might write some travels under my own name. I caught at the hint, and soon produced three volumes of what I termed 'Gleanings in Lapland.' The work being done, and approved of, my name was not held respectable enough, as it stood; there-with one rule I went to Oxford, and entered myself of Pembroke; and about a fortnight after, with the other, I paid a second visit and took my name off. I then came out with 'Gleanings in Lapland, by Gustavus Grub, late of Pembroke College, Oxford;' and my work went off so well, that I have an application for further gleanings, and shall set out on my travels again in a very short time.'

'I am astonished!' cried Barclay. 'But there's no cause,' said Grub: 'nothing can be so plain. Copyfacts of other travellers, and swear you were present. Beside, I think a man must be a dull fellow, who can't imagine something like a good thing every day. At the end of the year, then he'll have 365 good things—enough for any book. Well, down with them, and say they happened to you in the course of your tour. That's the way. I wish writing advertisements was half as easy: that's a task requires great genius and *invention*! I have more plague with the quack doctors, quack milliners, quack taylor's, and quack barbers, than I have with all the booksellers in London! And if they did not pay better, I'd see them all poisoned before I'd write a single puff for them.'

'I doubt,' said Barclay, after a pause, 'I doubt whether I shall be able to do any thing of the kind.'

'No need!' cried the other: 'what I offer to you is quite a different thing: its to write for a new magazine that's just begun. Essays, and strictures in prose, on any subject; and in poetry if you could write sonnets on a fly, a flea, a gnat, a dew-drop, or the like, it cannot fail of answering the purpose. A series of papers, now, with a title borrowed from the Greek, would do famously; and as you have been at Oxford, perhaps you can whip in a few scraps of the dead languages occasional-

ly—the longer the better. The less they understand you, the more they'll like you—at least I find it so!'

Barclay saw no objection to this employment, and, having now given up all thoughts of writing an opera in the modern style, he readily undertook the office proposed, returning thanks to Mr. Grub, who, *having full powers to treat*, engaged him on the spot.

Mr. Quince and Barclay now took their leave of Mr. Grub; Barclay promising to wait upon him speedily, with some of his productions.

As soon as our hero had finished a disquisition on Homer, an essay, under a long Greek head, and four sonnets, he took them to Mr. Grub, who read them with ecstasy, declaring that Barclay was a prodigy of genius.

'They shall all go in this month,' said he. 'I only fear they are too good. But no matter,' continued he, 'we can easily remedy that, you know! Your fortune is made, sir. But, by the way, your are not the only man who has made a fortune by coming to jail. Good hit, eh?'

On the first of the succeeding month, Mr. Pulp, the publisher, came as usual to the Bench, to treat all *his men* with a dinner. Barclay was particularly distinguished by him, and very handsomely rewarded for his trouble. Mr. Pulp had nearly a dozen authors engaged in the Bench, in different magazines. They were all invited on this occasion. To describe them briefly—Falstaff's regiment was a wholesome, well-dressed body of men, compared to this division of the *martyrs to genius*. Mr. Pulp sat at the head of the table, and Mr. Grub at the bottom. The dinner was good, but the wines, although he allowed them claret, were execrable.

'They call this *French wine*,' cried Mr. Grub, 'but may I come to the stall, if it has ever been in France, any more than the *French roll* I ate for breakfast.'

'Good!' Mr. Pulp; 'the idea's good. Mind you let that come in the next number of *Bon Mots* by Edwin, *never before published*.'

'The port, too,' said Quince, who indeed was the only person present who dared presume to find fault with any thing—'the port is villainously bad.'

'Let the master of the house be summoned to appear before us then,' replied Mr. Pulp; and he was consequently called. The complaint being made, the man, who knew that nobody dined there but by compulsion, was very blunt in his reply.

'Bad!' said he, 'how can that be? I say, gentlemen, its good port wine! Is'n't black, and doesn't it make you drunk? What would you have?'

This answer produced a general roar of laughter, and Mr. Pulp, nodding to Grub

to note it down, they per force, went on drinking such wine as they could obtain.

Some of the conversation in most companies (such as it is) may be related; but I defy any man to bring aught away from a society of *twelve authors but confusion*. It must therefore suffice to say, that what the master of the house affirmed of his wine, proved true, and that very shortly; for, knowing that Mr. Pulp must retire at a certain hour, they made so free, that they were soon drunk, and Barclay pushed his way out into the air, leaving them enjoying that infernal state of mirth and riot, which may be imagined to take place in hell, when a *slave-trader* breathes his last.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANECDOTES OF COLLINS THE POET.

COLLINS the Poet, though a man of a melancholy cast of mind, was by no means averse to a *jeu de mot*, or quibbling. Upon coming into a town the day after a young lady, of whom he was fond, had left it, he said, how unlucky he was that had come a day after the *Fair*.

The following ridiculous incident respecting this very great poet happened some years ago, to that elegant writer, Dr. Langhorne, according to the ingenious author of "*The Javenilla*." Dr. Langhorne, hearing that Collins, the poet, was buried at Chichester, travelled thither on purpose to enjoy all the luxury of poetic sorrow, and weep over his grave. On inquiry, he found that Mr. Collins was interred in a sort of garden, surrounded by the cloyster of the Cathedral, which is called, "*The Paradise*." He was let into this place by the sexton, and after an hour's seclusion in it, came forth with all solemn dignity of woe. On supping with an inhabitant of the town in the evening, and describing to him the spot sacred to his sorrows, he was told, that he had by no means been misapplying his tears, that he had been lamenting a very honest man, and a very useful member of society, Mr. Collins the taylor!—The close of the life of Collins can never be adverted to without commiseration; when he could have enjoyed his fortune he had it not, when it came to him he was in too melancholy a state to enjoy it. It reminds us of one of the celebrated Greek Epigrams,

What cruel disappointments wait
On wretched mortals' ev'ry state!
When young, chill penury repress
Each adour of my glowing breast;
But now, indifferent grown and old,
My coffers teem with useless gold.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

The Cynic, No. 2.

*O! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more.*

COWPER.

THE wish of the feeling Cowper naturally suggests itself to the mind possessed of the smallest portion of sensibility, on reflecting on the barbarity of man to man. When we see Vice rear her triumphant banner on the ruins of Virtue, we wish to fly from the scene of human degradation, and by ceasing to maintain any connection with our brethren, no longer participate in the dishonour unavoidably accumulated on their heads by their own misconduct. But in the most sequestered solitude we could not escape from our own reflections; and as we find it a maxim of divine origin, that *it is not good for man to be alone*, we should regret the loss of society, however corrupted that society might be. The spirit of misanthropy would soon evaporate; and when the effervescence of resentment had subsided, we should recall, in glowing colours, the virtues of men, while the dark shades of the character gradually faded from the recollection.

Nature has implanted in the human breast, the propensities of the brute creation; while she has bestowed reason as a corrective to restrain their unlimited indulgence. The intellectual perception, which renders man so gloriously pre-eminent in the scale of being, aided by the intimations of the "*divine essence*," has pointed out to him an existence beyond the grave. The certainty of a future state, it would be supposed, was a sufficient impulse for him to act on a line of conduct congenial with his knowledge of propriety and duty. Unfortunately, by education, or the errors he imbibes in his infancy, the powers of reason are weakened, the passions acquire an improper influence over his mind, and this otherwise efficient cause is impeded in its operations. A happy futurity is found but a weak inducement to the performance of his duty; and the fear of future punishment, in a state of which little is known or understood, is not sufficiently impulsive to oblige him to conquer his natural propensities, and correct the errors which long habit has endeared to him. The *present* is only regarded. Immediate gratification ap-

pears far preferable to what is deemed an uncertain reward for his abstinence from the pleasures of life. Hence the passions become the uncontrolled arbiters of his actions, and his existence a scene of uniform pursuit after wealth or fame—the two deities to whom he pays his heart-felt adorations; while the Ruler of the Universe is insulted by assumed devotion, and the ostentatious homage paid to him by his creatures, who are insensible to his goodness. The extended Hand of mercy and affection is passed by unheeded; while the temporary gratification of those desires we possess in common with the brute creation, is preferred to mental enjoyment, and the well-founded anticipation of future happiness. Let the creed of modern philosophers be what it may, it is evident, from the examples that present themselves to the view of every one, that man is not perfect, nor capable of arriving at a state of perfection in this life. To whatever cause we ascribe this—whether with Plato, to the inherent obstinacy of those atoms which are the component parts of the human system, and resist the operations of the mind; or to the superior wisdom of the Creator, who forms his creatures with such defects for his own purposes,—we must see the absolute impossibility of acquiring the ascendancy over the passions, and acting in every respect as becomes the image of God. While this is the case, mankind must remain content with their fallible nature, and endeavour to approach as near perfection as is possible for their finite powers. To reform the vices of the age, declamation and serious reasoning may be in some degree effectual; but to correct the follies requires the sportive pen of ridicule, or the poignant sting of satire. These latter, in the hands of persons of talents and discrimination, whose manners and judgment are formed in the Addisonian school, are weapons productive of real benefit to mankind. When awkwardly managed by persons deficient in dexterity, or abused by those who are destitute of principle, they become fraught with poison to domestic tranquillity, and destructive of public good. Satire's "bright form" should never be prostituted to personal enmity or private revenge,—to individual pique, or party animosity. She should never aim her darts at individuals, unless they are placed in a sphere which renders their example dangerous. She should nicely discriminate, and, as Mr. Brown, the author of "*An Essay on Satire*," forcibly remarks, should,

"—e'er she strike be sure she strike a foe!"

For, as the same author adds,

"An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye."

There is a certain class of men, who, endowed with some genius, and more vanity, ridiculously and mischievously deal their witticisms on all that chance to fall in their way; careless if the barbed arrow rankles in the bosom of a friend or foe. When I meet with pestiferous beings of this description, I am ready indignantly to exclaim,

"Who, for the poor renown of being smart,

"Would plant a sting within a brother's heart?"

For their attempts to be witty they have my contempt,—for the mischievous effects of their *smartness* they have something more—my resentment. Whenever I meet with them, my cynical disposition feels an addition to its natural bitterness, and their conduct occasions an extraordinary influx of bile into my heart. But it is as *wits*, not as *men*, I hate them. I have known many of this description, and the number of them of late, "has increased, is, increasing,—and ought to be diminished." My feeble efforts shall not be wanting to aid the cause of reformation in any branch of conduct or manners, and in any class of mankind. What I shall write, will be written with the *wish* to do good—to aid suffering virtue and morality—to wound no one but the vicious—and with Pope, I can say with sincerity,

"Curst be the line, how well so e'er it flow,

"That tends to make one worthy man my foe."

It may be thought ostentatious to make such a display of my wishes to do good, but it must be recollected, that I boast no powers to effect the desired purpose—no extraordinary mental energies that would aid me to snatch the sceptre from the polluted hands of Vice, and place the crown of triumph on the "holy head" of Virtue. Alas! that ability should not always accompany the wish to do good.

The quotations in the present number may not be verbatim, if they are not, the reader must excuse it, as they are taken entirely from memory. W.

REMARK.

There is one question which the old world and the new have been incessantly canvassing; "What makes a man happy?"—But I never heard that *either* disputed, what meat would best gratify his palate; and yet it is as clear, that the same things will not make all men happy, as that the same meats will not please all palates.

AN EXTRACT.

A CAUTION TO SCOLDING MISTRESSES.

"GOOD economy much depends upon the good management of a family. I have often seen, and long been convinced, that a mild and dispassionate discipline is much more efficacious and salutary, than a severe and rigorous one. If you would prevent faults in your domestics, take care that you see but few; never animadvert on trifles, nor appear discomposed at accidents, nor reprove real faults in a passion.

"Mrs. Teasy, who has no daughters of her own, has brought up several girls, whom she took out of poor families; but she complains, she never yet has had one but who was a vexation to her. They do her more mischief than all their work is worth; and tho' she is always talking to them, she cannot make them mind her. Her complaints are partly true; but the fault is her own, for she spoils all her girls by eternally fretting at them. If Betty happens to turn over a swill pail, or breaks a mug, by stumbling across the broom, which Mrs. Teasy in her hurry, has left in her way, the old lady is in a rage. "There, you careless drab! I knew you would do so. You are always breaking things. You waste and destroy more than you earn. I had rather do every thing myself. I never will set you to do any thing again as long as I live." And so Betty sits down—"What, you baggage! have you nothing to do?—Go, fetch the cream-pot, and turn the cream into the churn. How you handle it—I know you will break it, as you do every thing else." The poor girl, in a trepidation of carefulness and anxiety, lets it fall, sure enough. It is dashed into fragments, and the cream scattered round the floor. "O la! you nasty trollop—I never saw any thing like this. Just so you do every day. I cannot keep my hands off from you." Thus with tongue and claws, she frightens poor Betty almost into fits. Nine-tenths of the mischief which this girl does, is through an excessive caution to avoid it. Her mind is never calm, nor her nerves steady, because her mistress is always blaming, scolding and threatening. By degrees, however, the girl becomes hardened. If she breaks an article, when Mrs. Teasy is not present, she secrets it. If enquiry is made, she lies to prevent discovery.

[Balance.

OBSERVATION.

Habit may restrain vice, and virtue may be obscured by passion, but intervals best discover the man.

COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE MINERVA AND REPOSITORY.

(CONCLUDED.)

6. *Foreign Advices*, was another article which also had a share in communicating an interest to the Minerva. Under this head I mean such intelligence from abroad, as that His Catholic Majesty has been ill of a dangerous fever—His Britannic Majesty took an airing to-day—The Emperor Paul has been poisoned—Her Majesty the Queen of — is quite clear of her catarrh (cold)—His Royal Highness the Prince of — had an affair of gallantry with — The Princess has become the mother of a fine son—Her Royal Highness has instituted new fashions—At such a place there has been a route—at such, a drum,—at such, a masquerade, &c. &c. Such intelligence, and a variety of other of quite as little importance to us, bore its interest along with it, while it contributed to swell columns which might have been better employed. Let it not be said that this interest was too trifling to mention: Though we live under a Republican Government, there are many, who, having prejudices or dispositions in favour of noblesse, are highly gratified with what concerns them; and all Novel Readers (a numerous class!) are more or less pleased with any thing relative to those august personages, with whom they are daily conversant. This recommendation, however, the Repository has not; and for my part, I don't care how long it remains without it.

7. *Controversies*, of several kinds, were productive of as much interest to the Minerva, as any thing else; for as these were of a religious, political, metaphysical and personal nature, they affected the feelings of every member of the community, from the highest to the lowest. There is not, perhaps, a more powerful instrument to call forth the energies of the mind, than Controversy. The history of ages, and the instances in our day, confirm the assertion. Nor are the parties actually engaged, the only persons interested: All who hear of a contest, take a part with one side or the other; and catch at all intelligence of these wordy wars, as eagerly as at news red hot

..... from the field of battle,
Where blood & carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
Sounding with death-groans.

Happy, indeed, would it be for mankind, if Controversy, while it called up the energies of the mind, did not at the same time

call up all the malignant passions, that debase our nature, and wound our peace! If, instead of an insatiable thirst for victory (which is, perhaps universally, the motive and object in disputing) the parties were actuated solely by a sincere desire to come at Truth, by a rational, cool, and fair investigation, Controversy, in every shape, ought to receive the invitation and sanction of all: But alas! this never has been the case; and from our knowledge of human nature, and from what we see around us, we have but little reason to expect, that it will ever be very different. Our passions get the better of our reason; and when they are triumphant, they bear down all before them,—Religion, Science, Philosophy, Morals, Persons—nay, they sometimes penetrate into the inmost recesses of private characters, drag forth Innocence and Virtue, and sacrifice them at the shrine of Envy, Malice, or Revenge. This is another recommendation which the Repository has not.

8. *Criticism*, likewise added an interest to the Minerva. It may however, be said, that the Repository has also its share. I grant it; but those who carefully examine the criticisms in the two papers, will perceive a great and striking difference between them, both as to their manner and tendency. In the former they will find several, whose authors have descended from the dignity of the subject, to personal invective; in the latter, a more general spirit of candor and liberality. This amiable spirit has been recommended by the editor of the Repository in his notes to correspondents; and it is certainly to his credit, that while he invites "just and accurate criticism," he pointedly discountenances personal reflections, abuse and scurrility.

To this enumeration of the principal points in which the Minerva differed from the Repository, I could add some reasons why it was continued so long, and why it held out no longer; but, as these reasons were communicated to me in confidence, by persons whose aid and influence greatly contributed to the life and circulation of that paper, the seal of faithful friendship is set upon the sacred deposit.

Although, by this time, the reader may have collected, from all that has been advanced, sufficient to satisfy him upon the enquiry of the Querist, as to the difference between the Minerva and Repository, and the reason of the young lady's preference of the former; yet I should do injustice to the editor of the latter, did I omit calling into review that part of his prospectus im-

mediately relative to the subject, which (as we all know it to be true) will not, I trust, be offensive to his modesty:—"The PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY is a publication devoted *solely* to Literature and Morality; political and religious discussions being entirely excluded. It has generally for its object the diffusion of that interesting and *useful* information, which is calculated equally to divert the *fancy*, to enlighten the *understanding*, to form the *mind*, and to mend the *heart*; to disseminate those principles, by the exercise of which alone we can be made *good men* and *good citizens*, through the various departments of life; *happy* in ourselves, and *communicating happiness* to all around us:" That by intelligent readers in different parts of the union, "it has been judged to contain amusement, information, interest and utility, advantageously disposed, and invitingly blended together:" And consequently, is "at least calculated to give *pleasure* to as many tastes as possible, *without* giving pain or offence to any."—Fully as this is descriptive of the design, nature, tendency and merit of the work, I cannot help adding a remark of my own in its favour: From the judiciousness of the *Selections*, Religion, Virtue and Literature are presented to us in the most amiable dress; and from the delicacy and generosity with which *originals* are treated, the *native genius* of our citizens is called forth; as we may perceive by the host of correspondents, most of them juvenile, and some of them, (I have been told) under 21 years of age,—many of whose productions would do honour, and none of them discredit to writers of maturer years. At any rate, to sum up all in one word, respecting the Repository, I will just observe, that if we compare it with similar publications "from the mother country," we shall find no cause to blush for the taste or talent of our countrymen.

I wish I could say as much for *all* our countrywomen! I should then be freed from the painful task of answering the last question, that yet remains untouched upon—viz. "Who is it that prefers the Minerva?" Luckily for me, however, the Querist himself has sufficiently answered it, by intimating that it is a young Miss of family, fashion and fortune, who did not *hesitate* to avow her decided opinion that the Repository was not *NEARLY* so entertaining as the Minerva." And yet Mr. Querist need not have been so very pointed neither; for the *grammatical accuracy*, as well as the *consequential hauteur* with which the lady avowed her *decided opinion*, is quite enough to convince me of the truth of his assertion.

Family fashion and fortune, are, generally speaking, at variance, as well with Religion and Virtue, as with mental improvement and useful learning. And consequently to please or entertain such, subjects books and language must be of a peculiar and appropriate cast. I have therefore no doubt, that, were the complexion of the Repository, the same as, or similar to, the complexion of expression, both as to REFINEMENT OF IDEA AND LANGUAGE, in a piece signed M***, on the last page of the Minerva, for May 2, 1795,—our young Miss, and many more young misses, as well as some certain *elderly* ladies of family, fashion and fortune, would not hesitate to avow a *decided opinion*, THAT THE MINERVA IS NOT NEARLY SO ENTERTAINING AS THE REPOSITORY.

HORATIO.

The Enigmatist, No. 2.

"Seek and ye shall find."

A BOOK SELDOM READ.

13. Why is a telescope like a man, who bought four apples for a penny, and gave away one of them?

14. Why is your soul of no consequence?

15. What *I* do, and what *you* ought not to do, makes what *you* are.

16. My first I *hope* you are,

My second I *see* you are, and

My third I *know* you are.

17. Why does a miller wear a *white* hat?

18. What creature is that which came into the world without a soul, yet lived and had a soul, and died without a soul?

19. When UR married :X: XX and e e.

20. My first some men will often take, Entirely for my second's sake;

But very few indeed there are,

Who both together well can bear.

ROGO.

Answers to the Enigmas, &c. in the 1st No. of the Enigmatist, page 262.

1. They are both *not-able*.

2. It is number-less.

3. Like to be drowned.

4. *Straps*, as without them slippers are formed.

5. Excel. XL. Forty.

6. Match-less.

7. Buck-thorn.

8. They have a *merry-thought* between them.

9. (*The kernel to those who crack the shell.*)

10. *Enoch*, his father was translated.

11. *Phan-tom*

12. A *kiss*.

CALCULATIONS.

THE population of the world is, at present, estimated at about 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants, spread over the surface of about 197 millions of square miles, but of which the habitable part contains hardly 45,300,000 square miles. The rest is covered by water.

In admitting this supposition of 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants—

EUROPE, in an extent of 3,300,000 square miles, at $69\frac{12}{100}$ to a degree, would have a population of 47 inhabitants per square mile, and 155,000,000 inhabitants in total.

ASIA, including New Holland and Siberia, which are almost deserts, would contain in an extent of 18,000,000 of square miles, 45 inhabitants per square mile, and 810,000,000 inhabitants in total. Of this number China alone has 133,000,000,—occupying a space of 1,297,999 square miles, or 26 inhabitants per square mile.

AFRICA, in an extent of 10,000,000 of square miles, would contain 12 inhabitants per square mile, and 120,000,000 inhabitants in the whole.

AMERICA, in an extent of 14,000,000 of square miles, would contain somewhat more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ inhabitant to a square mile, at the rate of 18,000,000 of inhabitants in total.

According to this computation, taking all the habitable part of the world together, there would be about 25 inhabitants to each square mile.

Viewing the above as the aggregate population on the surface of the habitable globe, if we reckon with the ancients, that a generation lasts 30 years, then in that space 1,000,000,000 human beings will be born and die; consequently, 91,264 must be dropping into eternity every day, 3,803 every hour, or about 60 every minute.

Let us for a moment take a view of this vast multitude of human beings, possessed of immortal souls, capable of endless happiness or misery. Without differing very materially from former calculations, we may suppose that of the above one thousand million of souls, more than 500,000,000, (or one half of the whole) are Pagans, or idol-worshippers in the literal sense of the word—From 140 to 200,000,000 are Mahometans, bewildered with the delusions of the false prophet—Nine or ten millions are Jews, who at present reject the Messiah—Perhaps about 200,000,000 may be called Christians: of these not much more than three-tenths are Protestants....among whom, alas! how few are truly devoted to God!

PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 3, 1802.

IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT.

(From a late London Magazine.)

THE practice of Stereotype Printing, lately adopted in Paris, by Didot, appears to be one of the most considerable improvements connected with literature, that has been made since the invention of moveable types. Those who confound the block-printing with the solid pages produced in Didot's manner, are mistaken in their notions of its advantages. The solid blocks were carved or cut with great labour, in a mass, whereas Didot's solid pages are cast from pages first set up with moveable types, and are thus converted to the best use of which they are susceptible. Upon the stereotype plan, the page is first set up in moveable types, a mould or impression is then taken of the page with any suitable plastic material, and afterwards as many solid pages are cast from the mould as may be wanted. The expense of a solid page does not exceed that of setting it in moveable types, and the obvious advantage lies in the power which they give of taking off as many impressions, at any time as are likely to be sold. Books by this invention, will be greatly reduced in value, and those standard works for which there is a constant demand, will never be out of print. Didot is enabled to sell at Paris, near editions of Virgil, Phædrus, Cornelius Nepos, Horace, Sallust, Ovid, the Vicar of Wakefield, the Sentimental Journey, and Lady Montague's Letters, as low as seven pence halfpenny per copy. Mr. Phillips, of St. Paul's Church-yard, hopes to be able to present the British public, in a short time, with neat and correct editions of the classics, and of many of the best English authors, on terms equally moderate.

Specimens of this new mode of printing may be seen at the Office of the Repository, where Stereotype editions of the following works are for sale:—Moliere's Plays, 8 vols.—Phædrus—Cornelius Nepos—Sallust—Virgil—Horace—Fables of Gay & Moore—Sentimental Journey, &c.—elegant bindings, and cheap.

Recipe for a Cevon.

Take Elecampane, Liquorice-root, and well dried Indian Turnip, of each an ounce—Bruise them well, put them into a new earthen vessel, and add a quart of water—boil them till reduced to half a pint—then strain it off, and put into it a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar—set it on the coals, and let it simmer gradually, till the sugar dissolves, and it becomes a sirup. Put into this sirup a table-spoonful of strong tea made of English saffron.

This sirup may be taken two or three times a day—A child of three months old may take a tea-spoonful and grown persons in proportion.

AREMARKABLE INSTANCE OF LONGEVITY

(From Poulson's Daily Advertiser.)

DIED lately at Bristol in Pennsylvania, a female slave named Alice, aged 116 years.

She was born in Philadelphia, of parents who came from Barbadoes, and lived in that city, until she was ten years old, when her master removed her to Dunk's Ferry, in which neighbourhood she continued to the ends of her days.

She remembered the ground on which Philadelphia stands, when it was a wilderness, and when the Indians (its chief inhabitants) hunted wild game in the woods, while the panther, the wolf, and beasts of the forest, were prowling about the wigwags and cabins in which they lived.

Being a sensible, intelligent woman, and having a good memory, which she retained to the last, she would often make judicious remarks on the population and improvement of the city and country; hence her conversation became peculiarly interesting, especially to

the immediate descendants of the first settlers, of whose ancestors she often related acceptable anecdotes.

She remembered William Penn, the proprietor of Pennsylvania, Thomas Story, James Logan, and several other distinguished characters of that day.

During a short visit which she paid to Philadelphia, last fall, many respectable persons called to see her, who were all pleased with her innocent cheerfulness, and that dignified deportment, for which (though a slave, and uninstructed) she was ever remarkable.

In observing the increase of the city, she pointed out the house next to the Episcopal church, to the southward in Second-street, as the first brick building that was erected in it, and it is more than probable, she was right, for it bears evident marks of antiquity. The first church she said was a small frame that stood where the present building stands, the ceiling of which she could reach with her hands from the floor.

She was a worthy member of the Episcopal society, and attended their public worship as long as she lived. Indeed, she was so zealous to perform this duty, in proper season, that she has often been met on horseback, in a full gallop, to church, at the age of 95 years.

The veneration she had for the bible, induced her to lament, that she was not able to read it; but the deficiency was in part supplied by the kindness of many of her friends, who, at her request would read it to her, when she would listen with great attention, and often make pertinent remarks.

She was temperate in her living, and so careful to keep to the truth, that her veracity was never questioned—her honesty was also unimpeached, for such was her masters' confidence in it, that she was trusted at all times, to receive the ferridge money for upwards of forty years.

This extraordinary woman retained her hearing to the end of her life, but her sight began to fail gradually, in her ninety sixth year, without any other visible cause, than from old age. At one hundred she became blind, so that she could not see the sun at noon day.

Being habituated from her childhood to constant employment, her last master kindly excused her from her usual labor: but she could not be idle, for she afterwards devoted her time to fishing, at which she was very expert, and even at this late period, when her sight had so entirely left her, she would frequently row herself out into the middle of the stream, from which she seldom returned, without a handsome supply of fish for her master's table.

About the 102d year of her age, her sight gradually returned, and improved so far, that she could perceive objects moving before her, tho' she could not distinguish persons.

Before she died, her hair became perfectly white, and the last of her teeth dropt sound from her head at the age of 116 years.

When we consider how susceptible this poor woman was of right and wrong, and notice the hardships she endured for 80 years, (40 of which at least, she was steadily employed in ferrying carriages, horses, and passengers, over a wide and rapid river.) it is wonderful that she so long retained any vigour of body or mind; but a strong constitution, and above all, the sustaining power of religion, which she felt and enjoyed, enabled her to bear the severest of trials, without complaining—trusting in hope, that a glorious Day of Liberty would be her lasting and happy enjoyment, when her great Lord and Master should see meet to loosen the fetters that were rivetted upon her, in this world, by the injustice, rapacity and cruelty of man.

PROGRESS IN CIVILIZATION!!!

THE following article is copied from a letter received from a respectable character in Guilford county, North-Carolina, under date of May 2d—"I have lately heard of something new to me. A justice of the Peace in this county, lately bought a number of Negro children, out of Virginia by weight, at three dollars and an half per pound. This manner of proceeding with human flesh I have not before been made acquainted with."

Marriages.

MARRIED—At Newport, Mr. John A. Slaw, to Miss Elizabeth Muckmore.

If JOHN had happiness before,
By marriage he has gain'd MUCH MORE.

Deaths.

DIED—In this city, on the 29th inst. Mr. THOMAS POULTNEY, ironmonger, in the 26th year of his age.

ELEGIAC LINES.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

AT length Fate's mandate bids stern Death advance,
To close his victim in the silent tomb;
With surest aim he points his fatal lance.
While Hope's gay sun-beam gilds his sable plume.

Though to th' unconscious dust is now consign'd,
The sacred ashes of a much-lov'd friend;
'Tis but the doom which waits all human kind,
And bids the soul enlarg'd, to Heaven ascend.

Affection's tear shall yet embalma the grave,
Where POUETNEY'S honour'd sacred dust is laid;
Though human skill in vain essay'd to save,
When Fate with harsh decree success forbad.

Freed from its prison his gl'at spirit flies
Far from this sublunary scene of woe,
And from its mansion in its native skies,
Benignly smiles on sorrowing friends below.

Thro' Life's dull path thick strew'd with many a thorn,
(While pale Disease sat brooding o'er his head,
Clouding with raven-wing youth's brilliant morn,
And blue-ey'd health on rapid pinions fled;)

'Twas his to pass,—such was the stern decree,
Which scarce a flow'r to cheer the dreary way;
But now from sorrow, pain and anguish free,
On seraph-wing he soars to endless day. W. J.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The editor cannot but feel his obligations to his friend Horatio for the full discussion he has given the 14th query of *Querist*, and the conclusions he has drawn in favour of the Repository. He must not, however, be understood as assuming these conclusions, any further than they involve a sincere desire, in the exercise of his duty, to aid the cause of virtue and morality.

"Hymn 5th" of a series of Hymns, by A. W. T. in our next.

"Answer to the Question in No. 23," by our ingenious correspondent, Mr. MAJOR, will also appear next week.

"Moon Light," by Carlos, as soon as possible.

We are obliged to our correspondent in *Annals* for his collection of *Rebuses*, &c. but regret that he has not furnished answers, as this is essential previous to their being inserted.

Our correspondent Carlos requests the following errors may be corrected—"Acrotic to Washington," vol. i. p. 344, for *Was r. Har—* Lines on *War*," p. 72. vol. ii. 13th l. for "*and smoky*" r. *insmoky*—"Lines on Summer," in the last No. 5th ver. for "*sheltring vale*," r. "*shelter'd glade*."—"Sheltring vale" however, is in agreeableness to the original.

In the piece signed *Eugenio*, last no. p. 264. 4th ver. l. 5th, for "*leave the rial way*," r. "*leave the rial way*"—(here also the error is in the original)—in the last ver. 2d l. first word, for "*And*" r. "*To*."

The editor would suggest to his correspondents the propriety of permitting small typographical errors to pass unnoticed; they are absolutely unavoidable in a work of this nature. Scarcely ten persons out of a hundred ever observe them; and these who do will generally attribute them to the right cause, without any reflection upon the writers.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

NOW from the west, in awful threat'ning form,
Thick clouds arise, portentous of a storm—
In wild confusion through the air they roll,
And, hark! the distant angry thunders growl.

Man views with awe the clouds' dark gloomy form,
And seeks for shelter from th' impending storm—
The feather'd tribe haste to the grove's recess,
And herds and flocks from danger homeward press.
In one vast sheet the lightning glares around,
And hoarse resounding thunders shake the ground;
The wind with fury howls along the plain,
And shakes the cottage of the fearful swain;
The aged trees up by their roots are torn,
And broken branches through the air are borne....
Now, from the bursting clouds the rain descends;
Each tender plant beneath its fury bends:
Wide o'er the plains the wat'ry deluge pours,
And all around the hollow tempest roars.
An awful gloom triumphant holds its reign,
And fear, and horror dwell in ev'ry scene.

Old Ocean's waves in wild distraction roar,
With fury rise, and "lash the sounding shore."...
Before th' impetuous wind the vessel flies,
Sinks with the wave, and rises to the skies—
Pierce lightnings flash, and dreadful thunders roll,
And black destruction threatens ev'ry soul.
Through all the storm the rocking vessel rides;
Though billows, bursting o'er her sounding sides,
In death seem all the crew to overwhelm,
Yet still the pilot dauntless guides the helm,
Each seaman still the threat'ning peril braves,
And views undaunted the destructive waves:
To keep the vessel safe each art they ply,
And all the fury of the storm defy.

* * * * *

Lo, now what beauty bursts upon my sight!...
The Sun again bestows his radiant light;
The parting clouds denote the storm is o'er;
The winds are hush'd, the thunder rolls no more.
See, in the east, bright with celestial dyes,
The glowing arch expands across the skies;
The plains refresh'd meet my enraptur'd view,
And all their wonted beauty now renew.
The brooks' replenish'd current gently flow,
And to the Sun's refulgent splendors glow.
Again the plummy choir chaunt forth their notes,
And softest music on each zephyr floats—
Slow glides the vessel o'er the ocean's breast;
The wear'd seamen now recline at rest;
The gentle breezes fill the bended sails,
And peace upon the wat'ry deep prevails.

ORLANDO.

PHILADELPHIA, }
JUNE 27, 1802. }

ODE TO AN INFANT,

SON OF R. W.

LITTLE stranger welcome home,
Cease to sigh, fair love is near;
Soothing, hushing hope is come,—
Hark! she whispers—"Banish fear—"
"Sweets await thee little boy,
"Friends to dandle and caress,
"Parents who will share thy joy,
"Banish fear, and ease distress.

"See thy father's beaming eye
"Fondly view's thy harmless face,
"While thou innocent dost lie
"In thy mother's fond embrace."
God of goodness, Friend of man,
Make this pretty babe thy care;
Kindly lengthen out his span,
Guide him far from folly's snare.

Should troubles come, and griefs surround,
(For life is full of ills and tolls.)
O hear his cry, and heal his wound,
And cheer his soul with heav'nly smiles.
Through the variegated scene,
Guide him, virtuous, up to man;
Teach him virtue's way serene,
Illumine his mind with MARY'S plan:

And O turn far his youthful ear,
From smooth-tongu'd flattery's silken voice;
But bless him with a friend sincere,
To share his tears, or share his joys.
God of goodness bless the boy,—
Make him as his mother mild;
Fill his father's heart with joy,
Mark Thy image on the Child.

X.W.T.

THE CAPTIVE.

"FAST down the west the god of day is sinking,
Fast o'er all nature fall the shades of night;
Once more, oh sun! I view thy last beams shrinking,
But ne'er again they'll bless the Captive's sight.

"Ere thro' my prison bars thy partial splendor
Again shalt bid this dreary dungeon smile—
Ere morning dawn, LOOSE thou must surrender
His grief-worn body to the flaming pile.

"Now, distant Naples! favorite of heav'n!
Throw on thy Corso gay, blythe pleasure's train,
Breathing with bosom's light the breeze of ev'n—
Unknown to them the Captive's galling chain.

"The fisher now retiring from his labor,
Hies to his home with heart and spirits gay,
Or to the sprightly measures of the rabor,
Trips on the margin of the glassy bay,—

"Dear native bay! oft o'er thy bosom gliding,
I've gaily sang beneath the moon's full sheen;
While all the ills of anxious care deriding,
I mark'd her rays silver thy waters green.

"Then bright'ning joy my youthful breast elated,
Then pleasure revel'd there unmix'd with woe;
But, ah! to deepest horrors was I fated,
And doom'd the welcome of dire Rome to know.

"Stern heartless judges! ruthless Inquisition!
Deep hidden! veil'd from ev'ry mortal eye!
Unheard ye doom'd—unheard my last petition!—
How just should heav'n your latest prayer deny!

"Hark! hoarse it grates! my prison door unfolding—
Peace, peace! my heart thy wonted courage keep—
Farewell, O sun! thy beams no more beholding....
These eyes to-night close in death's awful sleep!"

LINDOR.

SELECTED.

LINES

Written on a Hermitage in Nithsdale.

BY BURNS.

"Grave these maxims on thy soul."

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
Grave these maxims on thy soul:—

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost:
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will ever lour.
Happiness is but a name,
Make content and care thy aim;
Ambition is a meteor's gleam,
Fame an idle, restless dream,
Peace the tenderest flow'r of Spring,
Pleasures, insects on the wing—
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies thy own—
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locust, save the flow'r.
For the future be prepar'd,
Guard whenever thou can'st guard;
But thy utmost duty done,
Welcome what thou can'st not shun.
Follies past give thou to air—
Make their consequence thy care.
Keep the name of man in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind.
Reverence with lowly heart,
HIM whose wondrous work thou art;
Keep His goodness still in view,
Thy trust and thy example too.
Stranger go! heaven be thy guide,
Quoth the beadsman of Nithside.

ABSOLUTION.

IT blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion,
The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of the sins they confess'd
Was transferr'd, as they tho't, from themselves to the
priest;
To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
They toss'd the poor parson souse into the ocean.

Subscriptions for this Paper received at the Office,
No. 51. South Third-Street, price 6½ cents each num-
ber, payable every four weeks; or three dollars a year
to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance
either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible
person in the city to become answerable for the money
as it becomes due.